

BLACK'S

OPERA HOUSE, WEDNESDAY EVENING.
SEPTEMBER 14.
Special engagement of the eminent tragedian,
FREDERICK WARDE.

Supported by an efficient dramatic company, under the management of Hudson A. O'Neil, in the new tragedy in five acts, adapted from the French expressly for Mr. Warde, by Leonard Uttman. Rev. entitled.

KIRK'S WHITE RUSSIAN SOAP

The only brand of Laundry Soap awarded a first class medal at the New Orleans Exposition. Guaranteed absolutely pure, and for general household purposes is the very best.

Springfield Republic

EVENING AND WEEKLY.

The REPUBLIC prints the New York and West

ern Associated Press Dispatches and the Reuter Cable Foreign Telegrams.

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SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

Governor,

J. B. FORAKER.

Lieutenant Governor,

W. C. LYON.

Supreme Judge (long term),

W. T. SPEAR.

Supreme Judge (short term),

F. J. DICKMAN.

State Auditor,

E. W. POE.

State Treasurer,

J. C. BROWN.

Attorney General,

D. K. WATSON.

Member Board Public Works,

C. A. FLOCKINGER.

11th Senatorial District.

For State Senator,

THOS. A. COWGILL.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

Representative,

GEORGE C. RAWLINS.

Probate Judge,

JOHN C. MILLER.

Auditor,

O. F. SERVISS.

Clerk,

JAMES L. RABBITTS.

Recorder,

S. A. TODD.

Commissioner,

W. H. STERRETT.

Internal Director,

JOHN M. STEWART.

Coroner,

J. M. BENNETT.

Why don't somebody suppress the straw

vote field?

Cleveland, Ohio, has a case of school

book change on hand. The people are protesting vigorously.

The agricultural fairs, all over Ohio, are

having a boom this season. A very forcible

indication of prosperity.

Governor Foraker should feel very lightly

complimented over the abuse the New York Herald daily heaps upon him.

There is very general regret expressed from all quarters, that Mr. Gladstone found it impossible to accept the committee's invitation to attend the centennial celebration at Philadelphia. An exchange in referring to the matter says:

Mr. Gladstone's inability to accept the invitation to attend the centennial celebration at Philadelphia, while not unexpected, will be received with universal regret throughout the country. No English statesman has ever won our sympathy and admiration as the Grand Old Man has done, and we doubt if any one will again in the next century. It is not an uncommon thing for English authors to be better understood and appreciated here than in their own land, and this to a certain extent has been true of Mr. Gladstone. Of late years, at least, he has seemed to embody republican ideas in their inevitable conflict with the old orders. The affection Americans have felt for him has been cemented above all by his masterly advocacy of Ireland's cause. Mr. Gladstone bases his declination of the invitation on his lack of strength and time, but adds that if he had been able to accept it is doubtful whether it would be advisable, as it would probably tend to inflame the jealousies of this country already prevalent in England.

The filing of the individual schedule of the members of the firm of Ives & Co. developed some funny things. The New York Star gives the following as found among the items and adds that the young financier was fast rivaling the king of the dukes:

In the two months before his assignment as purchaser for his tailor five suits, at a cost of \$430; his bill at the shoemaker for the same period was \$57.25 and at his haberdasher's \$284.05. At this rate Mr. Gladstone would spend at his tailor's in a year \$2,500, at his shoemaker's \$345.50, and at his haberdasher's \$1,704.30. This would be doing pretty well even for a duke, but for a gentleman who began his life at a printer's case in Harper Brothers' establishment it shows a wonderfully rapid development of luxurious tastes.

THE Republican party of Ohio in its platform this year incorporated a resolution demanding protection for the people from patent extortions from which they have been suffering ever after year. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are now being wrung from innocent parties throughout this and other states by patent right swindlers, and the subject is one which demands immediate attention. Farmers especially have been the victims of these swindlers, and are demanding favorable legislation for their protection, which the Republican party promises to give them.

THE Democratic press and party of Ohio, or elsewhere, need give themselves any concern about Republican interference with the tax on distilled spirits. A Republican congress put the tax on whisky to enforce Democratic contributions toward the war debt, and they are in favor of keeping it there until the emergency for which it was created is past. There are many things that the Republicans would be glad to have eliminated from the internal revenue schedules, but whisky is the last item on the list that should escape the collector's clutches.

SOME Democratic liars sounded the alarm that the Republicans were favorable to the removal of the tax on whisky. At this the whole party joined in the chorus, and have shouted themselves hoarse about it. Compose yourselves, gentlemen, the good old Republican party are not only in favor of taxing the manufactured article, but are also in favor of taxing the fellow that offers it for sale on every highway and by-way in the state. Taxation and local option is the watchword of the Republicans on this vexed question.

It must be exasperatingly unpleasant for Mr. Cleveland to have his shadow shunned and held in loathing by persons infinitely his superior in mind, body and estate. The refusal of the Grand Army posts to pass beneath his picture, when suspended in their line of march, speaks volumes. It is no studied effort on the part of the G. A. R. to evoke criticism or to do something sensational. It is the spontaneous outburst of resentment toward a man who has striven to injure them and their cause.

THE Democrats this year are exhibiting more courage than usual when they tackle the tariff question. They are openly in favor of free trade this year, and opposed to the Republican policies of protection of home manufacture and home labor. Hitherto they have never dared to call Carlisle, Morrison, Hurd, Watterston and other free traders to the stump in Ohio, but this year they have invited them all to come and speak for the Democratic ticket.

THE brilliant record of Governor Foraker has attracted the attention and admiration of the whole country. His addresses, both political and official, have been marvels of completeness, and he is one of the most gifted orators of the day. He is profound and enthusiastic in his Republicanism, and at the same time is a thorough business man and one of the most valuable public officers ever elected to any position in the gift of the people.

Tradesmen may learn many things from facts that come to the surface in the experience of others, and discover that all that glitters is not gold. The young Napoleon of Wall street, Ives, seems to have had a little account with every one who sold him clothes, meat, shoes, jewelry, etc., and now those trades people can whistle for their money. The gold to balance the glittering account is not forthcoming.

What has become of our street paving proposition? The matter seems to have been pushed so far and then dropped. The season of bad weather and bad streets is close at hand, another season gone and nothing done.

Plenty of fresh air, plenty of pure water, plenty of wholesome food and plenty of work make a healthy, wise and prosperous people. Springfield has all of these requirements, and fills all of these requirements.

The New York wholesale houses generally report a heavy fall business. This would indicate a good feeling throughout the country and a brisk season of trade.

John Thomas Ross, the Baltimore burker was hanged yesterday.

THE WAR IS OVER.

A great many people have been going about declaring that the talk about the rebel flags, southern outrages and depriving Republican voters of the elective franchise were started by northerners, and that but for the agitation of the north we would have nothing of it. Those who have this opinion should have been at Wheeling, W. Va., on August 26, when Governor Wilson of West Virginia landed southern Confederates to the skies, took exceptions to G. A. R. ideas on the return of the rebel flags, and made a red hot Democratic rebel speech in the presence of Governor Foraker, Gen. Gibson and other Union veterans, who, while on West Virginia soil, should certainly have been treated with ordinary courtesy by the chief executive of that state. To the credit of Ohio be it said Governor Foraker didn't tamely submit to the insults heaped upon him and other Union soldiers, but replied, to Governor Wilson in the manner in which any one possessed of self-respect and holding Governor Foraker's position of loyalty and patriotism would have done. In short, Governor Foraker made a ringing and patriotic speech, in which he didn't try to reopen the issues of the war, but declared they were settled, and settled forever; that the war was ended by the surrender of the Southern Confederacy. The fact is that Governor Foraker and men like him are the ones who appreciate that the dead and the issues of '60 and '61 were laid to rest; but Governor Wilson, Gen. Rosser and other men of the south have persisted in reopening questions long since settled, and are not backward in declaring that after all the men who were in the rebellion were right and the men who fought for the north wrong. President Cleveland has not been backward in exhibiting his sympathy for the men of the Rosser and Wilson stripe, and it is largely due to this fact that we hear so much about the issue which people of the north supposed were settled at Appomattox, and never expected to have reopened by the men of the south and the president of the United States. Governor Foraker in his patriotic and loyal declarations has the support and admiration of every loyal citizen of this great land, and is making for himself a record of which any man may well be proud.

INSULTS TO VETERANS.

Democratic and Mugwump newspapers have been for months engaged in referring to Union soldiers who receive pensions as pauper pensioners. In doing this they are simply following the example of their president who, in every way possible, has insulted the heroes who preserved the country.

Every man, young or old, whether he was in the army or not, should have, or must have, respect for the veterans who went to the front at the call of Father Abraham to preserve this country. The heart of the nation is all right, and when those who went down in battle, who died in the hospital or perished in the rebel prison pens have the opportunity to rebuke those who insult the memories of the brave men who responded to the country's call, they will soon teach them that this sort of thing is not to be encouraged. As a well known writer of this state has said concerning these men and these newspapers which insult veteran soldiers and abuse the memories of the dead: "Such miserable wretches as those engaged in this most indecent work are unfit for this world and unprepared for the next." Paupers, indeed. Who can estimate the price of a leg or an arm? Who can compute in dollars and cents a sun's health? Who can ever repay that man for the shattered arm? Who can repay the widow the loss of a husband, or the orphan for that of his father? The mathematician does not live who can make such a computation, except it be Grover Cleveland and his abject followers like Mr. Powell, who would fall back on repudiation. The voters of Ohio are called upon at the coming election to express their views on such uncalculated insult and infamy heaped upon the memory of the dead and upon the thousands of living cripples who depend upon the generosity—not the generosity, justice—of the government for the scanty support which keeps them from the grave.

ABUSE, YE REPUBLICANS.

A great many people this year are making a mistake by supposing that the Republicans have nothing to contend with in this campaign. In fact, Republicans are likely to be injured by the over-confidence manifested in many parts of the state. Never in the past twenty-five years has the Republican party had as much to contend with or so vigorous a warfare to wage as at the present time. A glance at the surroundings will show that untiring energy and vim, vigor and victory must be our motto from now until the polls close on November 8. Then it will be time enough to rejoice over brilliant achievements. We are opposed by the same old Democracy flying its well-worn banners of fraud, forgery, intrigue and corruption, ready for any stratagem, honorable or dishonorable, that may chance to present itself. Complications with third and fourth party tickets also present themselves in many localities. The only way for us to win is for each Republican voter in Ohio to determine now to elect himself from this time until election day in the endeavor to rouse into enthusiasm his neighbors, and above all to make certain of being himself at the polls on election day and casting his vote, whether or not he may feel sure in the advance that his ticket may have a majority. Republican voters in the rural districts cannot remain at home if they expect their party to win. Let them determine now, rain or shine, to be at the polls. Did you ever hear the Democrats on the evening before election day wishing that it would rain on election day? If you have not other have. They never fail to vote even in the worst weather, and Republicans should not allow them to gain the advantage over them in this regard. Up then, Republicans; gird on your armor and prepare for the battle which is only to be won by hard fighting and the casting of a full Republican vote.

Three men were buried alive by the carrying of earth in the new aqueduct at North Yonkers, N. Y.

FREDERICK

"CABRIOLET'S" COLUMN.

An Incident of Railway Travel—Why the Crying Child was Not Taken to Its Mother

Who Slept in Her Coffin in the Haggard Car—A Moral Circus That Carried Its Own Parson and Hostlers Into the Ring.

A few evenings ago I happened to be at the C. C. & A. 1 station and there met a gentleman who has just returned from a trip through the south. He has a keen appreciation of humor and pathos and he related to me an incident which I think is worthy of being told again. The incident was brought up by the sight of a group composed of three people, a careworn looking man with a broad black band about his hat, who was wearily endeavoring to quiet two noisy young children.

"Evidently a widower and his two motherless bairns," observed the traveler. "Doubtless."

"Poor things. Do you know that a sight like that makes one inexpressibly sad? It reminds me vividly of an occurrence that fell under my notice on the old Georgia road, between Chattanooga and Atlanta. It was one of the most affecting scenes I have ever witnessed in my career as a traveler, and that is a sweeping assertion."

"It occurred but a short time ago. The train that left Atlanta at night—bright, bright Atlanta—was loaded with people, as it always is. The berths were nearly all engaged, and I had to content myself with an upper one. At Atlanta an irascible old fellow with an ugly disposition, a face that constantly irritated me continually flushed, a nervous, jerky manner of speaking, and, above all, a foolish and belligerent foot, got on the train. His tender pedal was by no means a source of amusement to him, and the moment he entered the sleeper harmony flew out of the window. He growled at his feet, he snarled at the passengers, he complained of the road, he swore at having to occupy that d-d upper berth. In all, he worked himself into a stew that, from its violence, approached insanity. Finally, his patience being exhausted, the old fellow climbed into his upper berth, sarcastically remarked that he was afraid he would lose the diminutive pillow in his eye, and then with sundry snorts and grunts, deposited himself under the sheets and apparently went to sleep. The car became quiet, and soon the only sound to be heard was the rattle of the train as it sped along toward Chattanooga. Suddenly the stillness was broken by loud sobs of deep despair, by the cry of an infant—so shrill, so loud and so piercing that in a moment a score of heads were stuck out from behind the curtains of many berths and twenty persons, who were sleeping peacefully, were awakened. A pale-faced man, holding a very small child in his arms, and apparently abashed by the sudden scrutiny of which the little one's cry had made him the center, sat on a seat at the extreme end of the sleeper. He explained humbly and apologetically that he was unused to the management of children, and that little fellow—that was the child's name—had cried because he had lost his mother. The twenty heads were immediately drawn back behind the curtain. The wretched old chap on the upper berth, was not so easily pacified. I occupied the apartment opposite him, and could hear him roll about and curse and swear and rant and rave. He explained humbly and apologetically that he was unused to the management of children, and that little fellow—that was the child's name—had cried because he had lost his mother. The twenty heads were immediately drawn back behind the curtain. The wretched old chap on the upper berth, was not so easily pacified. I occupied the apartment opposite him, and could hear him roll about and curse and swear and rant and rave. 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